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"MRS. ADAMS WAS POISONED."---DR. WESTON.

# MOLINEUX AN ENEMY OF CORNISH SAYS FELIX GALLAGHER.

STUDIES OF HARRY CORNISH ON THE WITNESS STAND.



HARRY A. KING.

Harry Cornish, While on the Witness Stand, Was Practically Accused of the Crime by Molineux's Counsel, Weeks.

The Witness's Private Life Was Laid Bare and a New Woman, Now Dead and Who Had Two Names, Was Brought in the Case.

Mr. Weeks, counsel for Molineux, indirectly accused Harry Cornish of the poisoning of Mrs. Adams to-day.

Mr. Osborne jumped up quickly and said he was glad he had learned upon whom Mr. Weeks expected to fix the crime.

He testified that at first he believed Felix J. Gallagher was the author of the Harpster letter. After saying Cornish relentlessly for over two hours Mr. Weeks completed his cross-examination and the witness was allowed to step down. Harry A. King, the man to whom Cornish showed the address on the poison package at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club on Dec. 24, 1898, took Cornish's place in the witness chair. After several unimportant witnesses had corroborated Cornish's testimony as to the reception of the poison package at the club Felix J. Gallagher was called to the stand. Gallagher testified that there was no love between Molineux and Cornish and that Molineux and Harpster were at swords' points. It is said that the mysterious contents of the stolen Adams letters may prove a trump card for the defense, and Assistant District-Attorney Osborne is worried. The Court has ordered that no one be allowed to read the letters for the present. Dr. Weston, Coroner's physician, who performed the autopsy on Mrs. Adams, swore that she died of poison—hydrocyanic poisoning.

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**CORNISH'S SEVERE ORDEAL**  
His Private Life Laid Bare and a New Woman Introduced in the Case—She Is Dead.

The eighth week of the trial of Roland Molineux, charged with the murder of Mrs. Katherine J. Adams on Dec. 28, 1898, opened this morning. Several women were in court, as usual. That Harlow R. Weeks, leading counsel for the defense, has some sort of surprise in store for the prosecution, every one believes.

Ever since the letters stolen from John D. Adams were introduced by Mr. Weeks and marked for identification, Mr. Osborne has been uneasy. What the contents of those letters are no one can tell. They were placed in the custody of the court and Mr. Weeks asked that no one be allowed to see them. That feature concluded the examination of Adams, who was followed on the stand by Cornish. His direct examination was short, and he was soon turned over to Mr. Weeks for cross-examination. Many and varied were the rumors in circulation about the Court-House, and the attendant excitement had been communicated to the prisoner. Weeks, it was said, had held a three-days' reception, since the adjournment of court last Friday, of club men and amateur athletes, all of whom had told him tales of Cornish. Therefore when Cornish took the

**CORNISH ON THE RACK.**

Weeks arose and, with both hands on the table, leaned forward as he put his questions. Cornish appeared indifferent. Cornish started to answer a question by Mr. Weeks, when the Recorder called Capt. McLaughlin to him and ordered that the doors be locked. "All those persons who wish to go out must go out now," said the Recorder. "The court will not be disturbed by persons coming in and out." Then Mr. Weeks began again. Q. Were you at the club on the night of the 27th? A. Yes. Q. When did you leave? A. At 11 o'clock. I must have gone earlier than I thought. Q. Who suggested to you that you had gone home later than you said? A. Harry A. King. Q. Who mixed the bromo-seltzer you took on the occasion you have mentioned? A. I did. Q. Who was present? A. Only the boy that brought it. Q. Where was that? A. At the club. Q. Did you read the instructions? A. Yes. Q. Who suggested it? A. The bartender. Q. How many years have you been engaged in training athletes? A. Many years. Q. And you never recommended bromo-seltzer? A. No, sir. Q. But you remembered what it was like when you gave the drink to Mrs. Adams? A. Yes. Q. And you tasted the stuff then and

10 P.M. EXTRA

## TWO MEN FOUND DEAD IN EAST SIDE LODGING-HOUSE

Nellie Overacre, housekeeper of a furnished-room house, kept by Mrs. Perkins, at 231 East Twenty-fourth street, found two men lodged in the house dead, late this afternoon. One of the men was fifty years old, and known only as "Charlie." He engaged a room two weeks ago. Yesterday he brought a friend, a young man, about twenty-five years old, to room with him. At 11 o'clock this morning the men carried some coal to their room on the top floor. They were not seen again until found dead. Coal gas from a small stove in the apartment killed them.

## AGED MAN AND WIFE MISSING

Chief Devery has received a postal card from Chief Nolan, of Derby, Conn., asking him to look out for Hugh McCready, eighty-five years old, and his wife, Mary, sixty-nine years, of Derby, who have been missing since August. No particulars concerning their disappearance are given.

## DEAD WITH GAS TURNED ON

William Berger, fifty-two years old, a barber living at 311 Rutter avenue, Brooklyn, was found dead in bed from the effects of gas this afternoon. His death may have been accidental as the gas jet was defective.

## SKULL BROKEN ON STEAMER

Joseph E. Felt, twenty-seven years old, of 6 James street, while working on the steamer Richmond at pier 29 East River, was hit on the head by a revolving crank. His skull was fractured. He was taken to Hudson Street Hospital.



FELIX GALLAGHER.

Q. Did you know she had another name? A. Yes. Q. What? A. You ought to know; you sent a detective there to find out. Q. Was her other name Fitzgerald? A. No. Q. What was it? A. Patterson. Q. Weren't you known as Mr. Small when she went to the hospital? A. No, sir. Q. Didn't you ever meet her husband? A. No, sir. Q. Nor her child? A. No, sir.

## HE BURIED THE WOMAN.

Q. Did you try to find her husband? A. Yes; with her brother I helped hire a detective to find him and when she died I bought a lot and saw that she was properly buried. As Weeks put question after question to Cornish regarding his relations with the wife who divorced him in 1887 in Chicago, the witness was decidedly nervous. He placed his left hand on his nose, on his chin, on his mouth. His relations with a "Mrs. Small" were gone into.

He knew that Weeks had investigated his career in Chicago, and his nervousness gave place to aggressiveness. He inclined his body forward and glared at his questioner. To nearly every query he had more than an answer to make—he had an accusation of Weeks to utter or some defense of his past actions which he wished to make clear. He was angry, but he was clear-headed, and Weeks did little to hurt him.

## THE ADAMS TRAGEDY.

"We have reached the point where you mixed the medicine to eighty-sixth street," said Mr. Weeks. "Do you know whether Mrs. Adams had her breakfast that morning?" "I do not!" "Q. How soon after you took the swallow were you made sick? A. Not right away. My first impulse was to help Mrs. Adams from the floor. Q. Did you vomit? A. I told Capt. McCloskey so. Q. Did you vomit when picking up Mrs. Adams? A. I cannot remember. A man can't recall everything under such circumstances. "Now, will you tell me whether you vomited at all?" thundered Mr. Weeks. "I won't undertake to say," replied Cornish. "It is impossible to say. A man can't remember everything under such circumstances." "Don't you remember Dr. Hitchcock saying that Mrs. Adams had been poisoned and if you had any enemies this was a golden opportunity to get even with them?" asked Mr. Weeks, raising his voice. "I don't remember any such thing," replied Cornish firmly. Q. What did you have to eat and drink in the flat that morning? A. Not a thing. Q. How many drinks of whiskey? A. None, I believe.

Q. You ate an apple? A. Yes; part of one. Q. Where did you use the telephone? A. At the undertaker's. Q. Didn't you say there was trouble at the flat? A. No, I merely said I was coming down to see Mr. McIntyre right away. Q. Then you went where? A. Back to the house. Q. How long did you stay? A. One-half an hour. Q. Have any inclination to vomit then? A. None. Q. Then where did you go? A. To the Eighty-first street station. Q. Stop on the way down? A. About five times. Q. When you left the train going down town, did you go down to the street each time? A. No. Q. You went first to the District-Attorney's office? A. Yes. Q. What time did you reach there? A. Between 1 and 1.30.

## SAW MR. M'INTYRE.

Q. You saw Mr. McIntyre and had a long talk with him? A. I don't know that it was very long. Q. Did you not show him a list of names of persons you thought might have sent the package? A. No. Q. You remember Mr. McIntyre telling you that he received word from the Coroner that it was a suicide? A. I can't remember what I said to Mr. McIntyre that day. Q. Do you remember saying it was not a suicide? A. No. Q. State whether any other persons were mentioned besides Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Hovey. A. I don't remember. Q. During the time you were at Mr. McIntyre's office you had no retching? A. No. Q. You say that you were in no condition then to return any mental impression? A. Yes. Q. Where did you go then? A. To Mr. Youcum's office in Cliff street. Q. What is his business? A. He is a member in the United States Leather Company. Q. What did you talk about? A. What had occurred at the house. Q. Did you have a retching in Mr. Youcum's office? A. I don't remember. Q. How long were you in Youcum's office? A. I don't know. Q. Where did you go then? A. To my cousin's. Q. Did Youcum go out with you? A. Yes; we went out and got a drink. "What did you drink?" asked Mr. Weeks, "was it bromo-seltzer?" "I guess not," said Cornish, smiling. When Weeks switched from this line of questioning and inquired as to what he did after the death of Mrs. Adams, the Coroner's inquest the while, he never regarded Cornish intently. His gaze never wandered far or stant. His hands were clasped

## NEW WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Q. When did your wife get a divorce from you? A. In 1897. Q. Did you ever know Mrs. Small? A. Yes; she died in 1894. "Were you ever known as Mr. Small?" asked Mr. Weeks, gravely. "I never was," replied Cornish sharply.